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SPECIAL
SAFETY
EDITION

The Gateway

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SPECIAL

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The Only Remembrance . . . Empty Shoe by the Track

By MARY BETH MEYERS



Jerry

The only remembrance of their last date was an empty shoe by a lonely railroad crossing. Dolores and Bob, Nancy and Jerry had been down that road for the last time.

A party boy—well not really. You could say that Jerry was more happy-go-lucky. He was an average student, loved girls, liked parties, enjoyed playing practical jokes—just a typical college student.

He could spout Latin at the drop of a hat. When anything happened and Jerry was left without an appropriate English comeback he substituted a few Latin words. No one knew what he was saying and he probably didn't either, but that was his way.

Oldest in Family of Five

He was the oldest in a family of five. His two younger brothers attend Benson High School. They had the same kind of relationship that most brothers have. Jerry was the big hero. The younger two were always trying to borrow something, asking for advice, being pests and in general acting like all little brothers do.

Jerry had a running feud with his '54 Chevy. It refused to start, refused to stay started, and refused to do much of anything it was expected to do. So on almost every Sunday afternoon Jerry could be found under his little blue monster. He tightened and loosened, and tore down and rebuilt almost everything under the hood. But the Chevy would always come up with some problem by the next weekend.

Pi Kap Pledges

Pi Kap pledges are probably the best dressed group on campus. They had to be. Jerry was extremely fastidious about clothes. They didn't dare let him see them with a wide tie or dirty shirts or unpuffed trousers. If they did get caught, it was a rousing line-up Tuesday night. Jerry always looked like an ad for Manhattan shirts himself and couldn't accept lower standards from the people around him.

Problems—He didn't know what the word meant. If he ever had a problem no one ever heard about it. Why should he worry, he had the whole world waiting for him.

Nancy Had Depth

Nancy had depth that couldn't be measured by any yard stick. She was mature beyond her years and possessed an inquiring mind. One friend described her as the "girl that always wanted an answer and a reason."

Her prize possession was a pair of Japanese Temple Birds. However, when it came time to clean the cage Nancy managed to be out of sight. Actually she wasn't very neat about a lot of things—her room especially. It was an adventure trying to crawl over piles of clothes and mounds of stuffed animals in order to get to the desk.

She spent last summer in Mexico City. While she was there she met a variety of people with whom she still corresponded. Nancy was quite a letter writer. Letters came frequently from California, Ohio, and Mexico.

In her spare time Nancy would curl up with a book in a pair of levis and a sweatshirt and read for hours at a time. She was reading King Arthur before Thanksgiving. Her reading habits ranged from modern

novels to science fiction to deep non-fiction.

"Tiger"

Shortly after she had her hair frosted her friends started calling her "Tiger." After the nickname caught on Nancy acquired a love for anything having to do with tigers. She had stuffed tigers, tiger figurines, tiger pillows—anything that resembled a tiger seemed to eventually find its way to her room.

Nancy was quiet and reserved on the outside, but when she got to know a person she was a real wit. One evening she and her girl friend, Bonnie, decided to find out what their dates really thought of them. They proceeded to plant a tape-recorder in the car and then left. About 20 minutes later they returned. For some reason their dates were very sweet the rest of the evening. (The girls couldn't make out anything they had recorded but the boys never did find that out.)

Never Special Attention

Nancy never wanted any special attention. She was content with modest praise and a nod of approval every once in awhile. She was considerate and thoughtful. She would go out of her way to accommodate a friend but was embarrassed if she received the same treatment.

Small everyday problems passed over Nancy like ink on paper. She had more important things to think about than where her next date was coming from or what she should wear to the next dance.

Life for Nancy was something that should be taken seriously and with a sense of responsibility but at the same time enjoyed.

Bob's Ambition, Med School

Stethoscopes and test tubes would have been the nucleus of Bob's career. He was a pre-med student and planning to enter medical school after graduation.

An uncle was Bob's inspiration. Some years ago his uncle was injured in an automobile accident which left him crippled. He entered medical school after the accident and is now a practicing M.D. Bob said that if his uncle could make it through with his handicap, he, having every advantage, could.

His fraternity brothers all liked him. He was a hard worker. Last summer Bob went to the Pi Kappa Alpha convention with Jerry. On the way home they decided that a stop in Chicago would be nice—so they stopped. Of course Chicago was approximately 200 miles out of the way, but who cared. Anything for a little excitement.

Wanted to Play Football

Bob always wanted to play college football. His parents, however, had other ideas. So he had to be content as a spectator.

He was a fair artist. One of the grade school teachers in his neighborhood had him make most of her bulletin board material. He enjoyed doing things with his hands.

Bob was an out-going individual. He was quick to smile and slow to frown. This was his second year at OU after transferring from Doane College. In those two years he probably

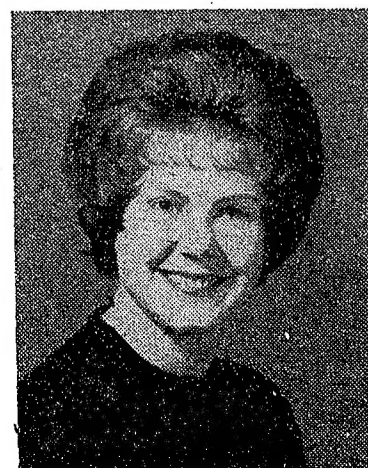
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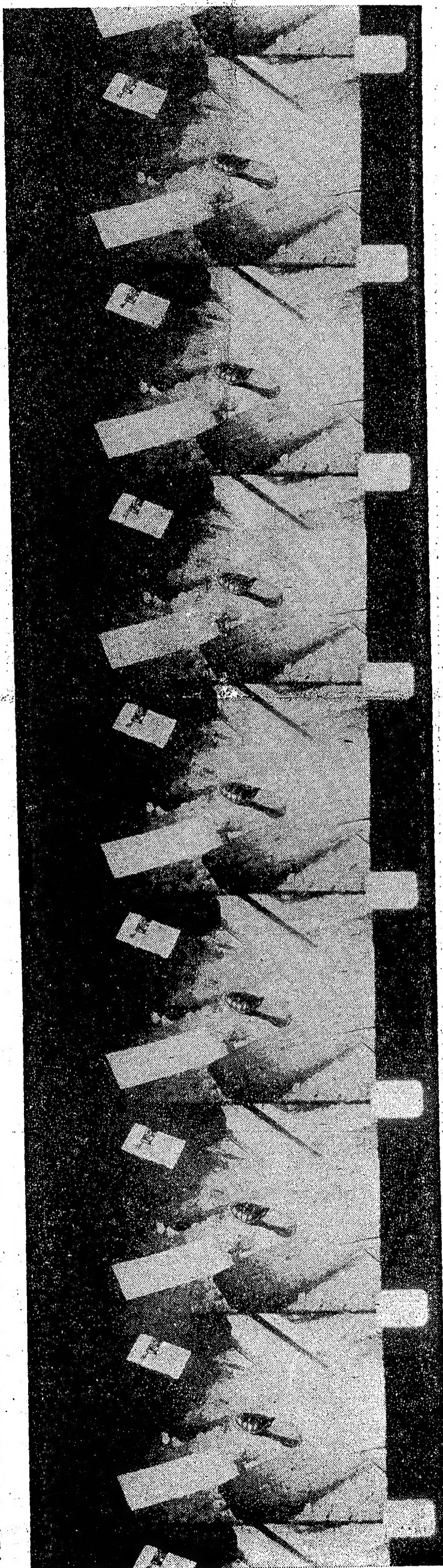
Nancy



Bob



Dolores



Let's Take a Walk Through Any Town

By Sheri Hronek

Over 400 have died in Nebraska in traffic accidents. The one here and the one there have added up over the year, making a total of persons killed that is almost equal to Elkhorn's population or Brainard's.

What if all those who have died in automobile accidents were from Elkhorn or Brainard? An entire town would have been wiped out. Let's take a walk through a town—it could be Brainard or Elkhorn or any town in Nebraska.

What's the first thing you see when you arrive in town? Why, Gus' Gas Station, of course. That's where the buses stopped—when they stopped. Gus and a couple of his cronies were always around, waiting for the next bus—but they aren't there now. In fact, no one is there. Gus and his assistant were delivering oil when their truck went off the road. Both were killed.

There's the old fire house. Actually, it's a garage with a sign on it—but to the people of the town, it was the finest fire house in the county. Old John used to be sitting in front every time you walked by. He just sat and whittled. Every kid in town was the proud owner of one of John's carvings. But John isn't sitting there today—he won't be tomorrow, either. Last June the men at the fire house were out on a call. A driver of a car didn't stop for the engine. Most were killed—John was one of them.

You remember the Doc's house over there. The town doesn't have a doctor anymore. Doc was out on one of his many night calls—one thing about Doc: no matter how tired he was and how many times he was disturbed, he never complained. He went out one night when the roads were icy and, of course, he was hurrying because it was an emergency. They found Doc the next morning—killed instantly, they said.

The old school house still stands on the hill. The playground was always filled with children laughing and playing. It's empty now. People never could understand why that car swerved into the school bus and forced it off the road. They said the driver was late for an appointment in the next town. He never kept that appointment. The children never made it to school.

That drug store was the local hangout, of most of the young people in town. Music and laughter from inside reminded the townspeople of their presence. There's no laughter now. The jukebox is quiet. Some of the kids missed a sharp turn in the road outside of town. Others raced a train to a crossing. They lost—the race and their lives.

For the people of the town, going to get your mail at the general store was an important part of the day. Everyone stopped in to gossip and to see people. Here you could buy school supplies, overalls, shoes—anything you wanted. It was the center of activity. Now it's silent and empty. The town is gone. No one remains.

Walk up and down the street. Shops, the bank, the cafe, the feed store and the tavern—all deserted.

A population of 400 is gone. There wasn't a bomb or disease. There was a plague—a plague of carelessness and of traffic accidents. This is any town. It is the town that Nebraskans destroyed on the highways this year.

Drinking, Driving, Death Featured Christmas Eve . . .

By Barb Hall

Who is most likely to be killed over the approaching holiday weekend? This is a difficult question to answer, however we already know many conditions of how this unknown person will die.

According to George Nothhelfer of the Omaha Safety Council this tragic accident will occur Christmas Eve. We can narrow it down even farther. The time will be approximately between 6 p.m. and 9 p.m. Over 50% of the fatal accidents during the Christmas holidays occur during this time on Christmas Eve.

Our victim will either meet a car where the driver has been drinking, or the victim will have been drinking said Mr. Nothhelfer. The drivers will have been going too fast for the existing conditions or in excess of the speed limit—in three out of four holiday accidents this is the case.

Last year during the three day Christmas holiday 523 people were killed in the United States. There were more than 24,000 people who received disabling injuries and a 130 million dollar debt was left to the nation.

Over a non-holiday weekend there are approximately 342 people killed, 16,000 people disabled, and a debt of 85 million dollars to the nation.

Early in the holiday weekend the hourly rate of deaths is 5 times greater than during the remainder of the season, with emphasis on the last six hours of Christmas Eve.

Not only should drivers use extreme caution but also pedestrians. One out of every four accidents during this season involves the pedestrian. This person is most likely to be injured between the hours of 4 p.m. to 12 p.m. on Christmas Eve.

bed was out in the hall. The girl, about eight, was also in pajamas. She brought in a comb and the woman combed her hair. They talked with her a while and left. The woman is their mother.

This woman and her children aroused my curiosity, so I talked to some people in town. This is what they told me: The family was passing through town when they were in an accident. The father, a minister, was killed. The woman and children were injured and were taken to the hospital. They have been there ever since.

The story is duplicated every day. In one moment, a life was destroyed. In one moment, a way of life for these three was drastically changed. I can only shake my head and ask, "Why?"

An Empty Shoe . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

made more friends than most people make in four.

His plans for the future consisted of graduating from OU, and entering and finishing medical school. After that—well, he planned to play the rest by ear.

Dolores—Determination Plus

Determination plus—that was Dolores. Anything she wanted to do she found a way of doing.

She was taking a class in personality and style. On the first test she got a "D." (The first "D" she had ever had in college.) When the next test came around she told one of her friends that she was going to get an "A" or "know the reason why." She took the test and when it was graded her professor commented on the fact that she not only got an "A," but there wasn't even one comma misplaced.

Dolores was constantly battling her weight. It was the big joke to everyone—except her. Over the summer she had lost 20 pounds and was quite proud of the fact.

President of Chi Omega

As president of Chi Omega sorority she was a whiz-bang. Jackie Palmer, a sorority sister, said that much of their success in the fall elections was "due to Dolores's work." She could organize anything. She had a way of getting the best out of people. Her vitality and spunk was contagious.

Without a doubt the ugliest thing in the world was her dog. It didn't even slightly resemble most dogs. But to Dolores it was precious. Wherever she went—it went. (Even to bed.)

This summer she had planned on going home with one of the football players from New Jersey. She had never been East, and the trip was going to be her graduation present.

Next fall Dolores was going to teach in Omaha.

Last Date

On the Wednesday before Thanksgiving Jerry and Nancy, Bob and Dolores had their last date. That night Chi Omega pledges entertained their active sisters at Elmwood Park. After the party at Elmwood the four went to another party.

And on the way home—

Ten seconds and it was over. Ten seconds and four of our classmates were dead. Why? How? Only God can tell us.

All that remained was an empty shoe.

The Gateway

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Nebr. Safer Now in '62 Than in '37 . . .

By Mike Dugan

It is a little known fact that every year there are fewer highway deaths in Nebraska relative to the number of miles driven than the year before.

Captain Donald Shearer of Troop "A" of the Nebraska Highway Patrol said the public is misled by figures released by the news media. He said although these figures are not false they don't give a correct picture of our highway problems.

Captain Shearer said statistics are based on miles driven instead of a direct comparison of deaths only. For example, there were more deaths per 100 million miles driven in 1937 than there have been this year.

Indicates Opposite

Captain Shearer said there were 13½ deaths per 100 million miles driven in 1937 . . . This year there were only 5½ deaths for every 100 million miles driven. This indicates the opposite of what the public believes.

On the basis of this new information we may look forward with a great deal more optimism than before.

Veteran Shearer, who joined the Patrol when it was organized in 1937, said improved enforcement accounts for much of the decrease in the fatality rate, but added the news media has been a great assistance in informing motorists of road conditions and providing safety tips, despite the misleading information about fatality figures.

It is probable that more experienced drivers and safer automobiles contribute to this decrease in deaths and accidents.

"Nevertheless," says Captain Shearer, "the fatality rate will never be extinguished completely until one important obstacle

(Continued on Page 4.)

No One Knows . . . What It Takes . . .

By Eleanor Robshaw

No one knows what it takes to awaken and alert the student to the hazards of vehicular travel.

Early writers tried to alert the public by reporting break-neck speeds of 12, 15 and beyond miles per hour. The automobile would surely "kill off" the human race.

Perhaps the early writers were right. Each person, member of the human race, is surely lost in totally fatal accidents. For them it is final.

Apparently no vivid account of brutal loss of life can penetrate the frontal lobes of the student. Less than twenty-four hours after the last of the student burials, a shocking example of reckless, hot-rod auto antics was executed right here on campus.

The participants, who identify themselves by means of Greek letters, were driving in reverse faster than the campus speed limit for forward movement. They were using the four or five parking lanes west of the Applied Arts Building for their "drag strip."

To increase the danger, other frat brothers were running directly behind the cars in an effort to prove . . . well, what? Perhaps you know . . . I don't.

In this writing to the GATEWAY, I hope to find someone who knows how many horrible deaths of friends and acquaintances these college students need before they stop using death-welding mechanisms for toys.

It is a shuddering thought to realize that these fool-hardy actions are demonstrated by people who rank in the upper third of the nation's intelligence quotient.

Is it possible that as education increases, common sense diminishes?

A Life and a Way of Life Destroyed in One Moment

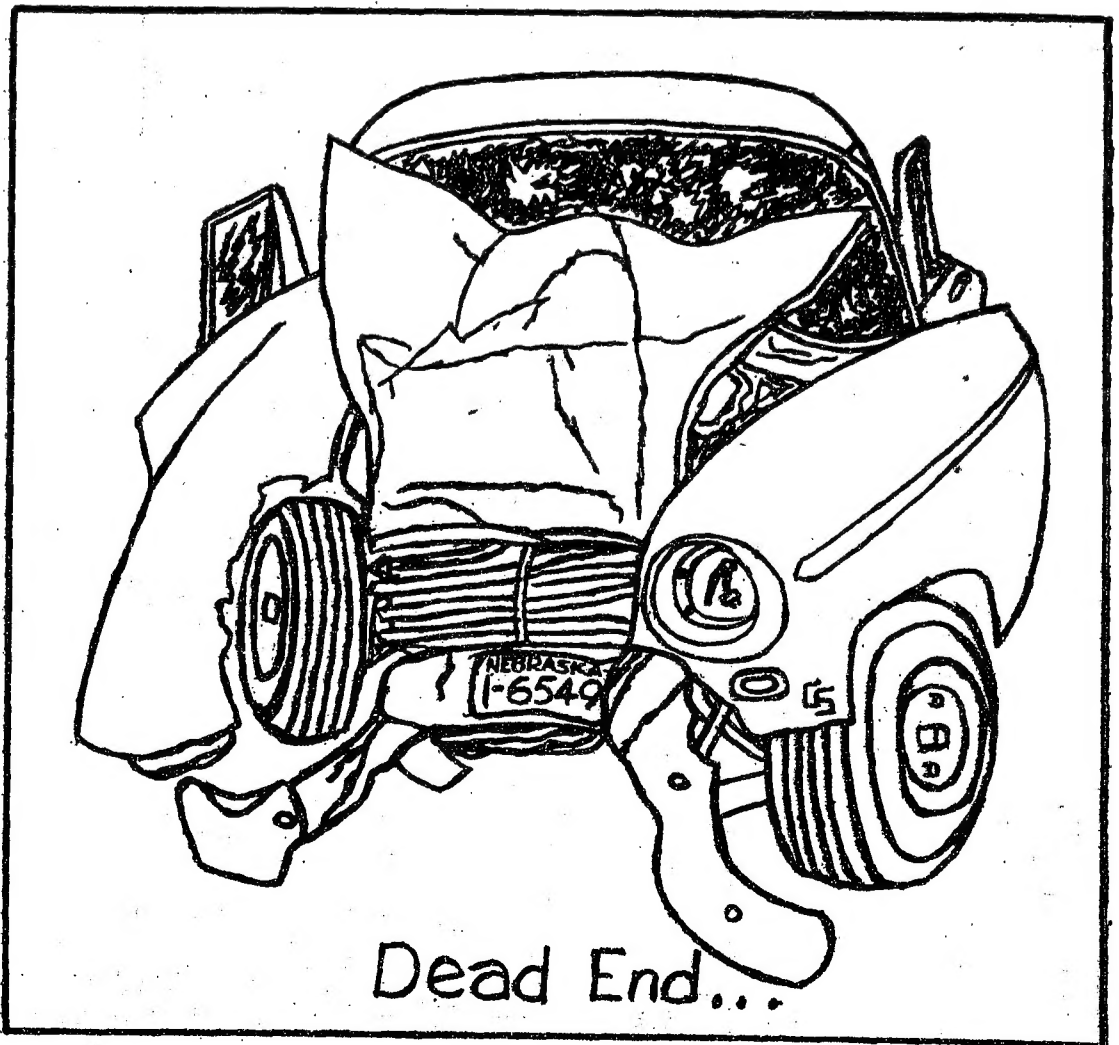
By Sheri Hronek

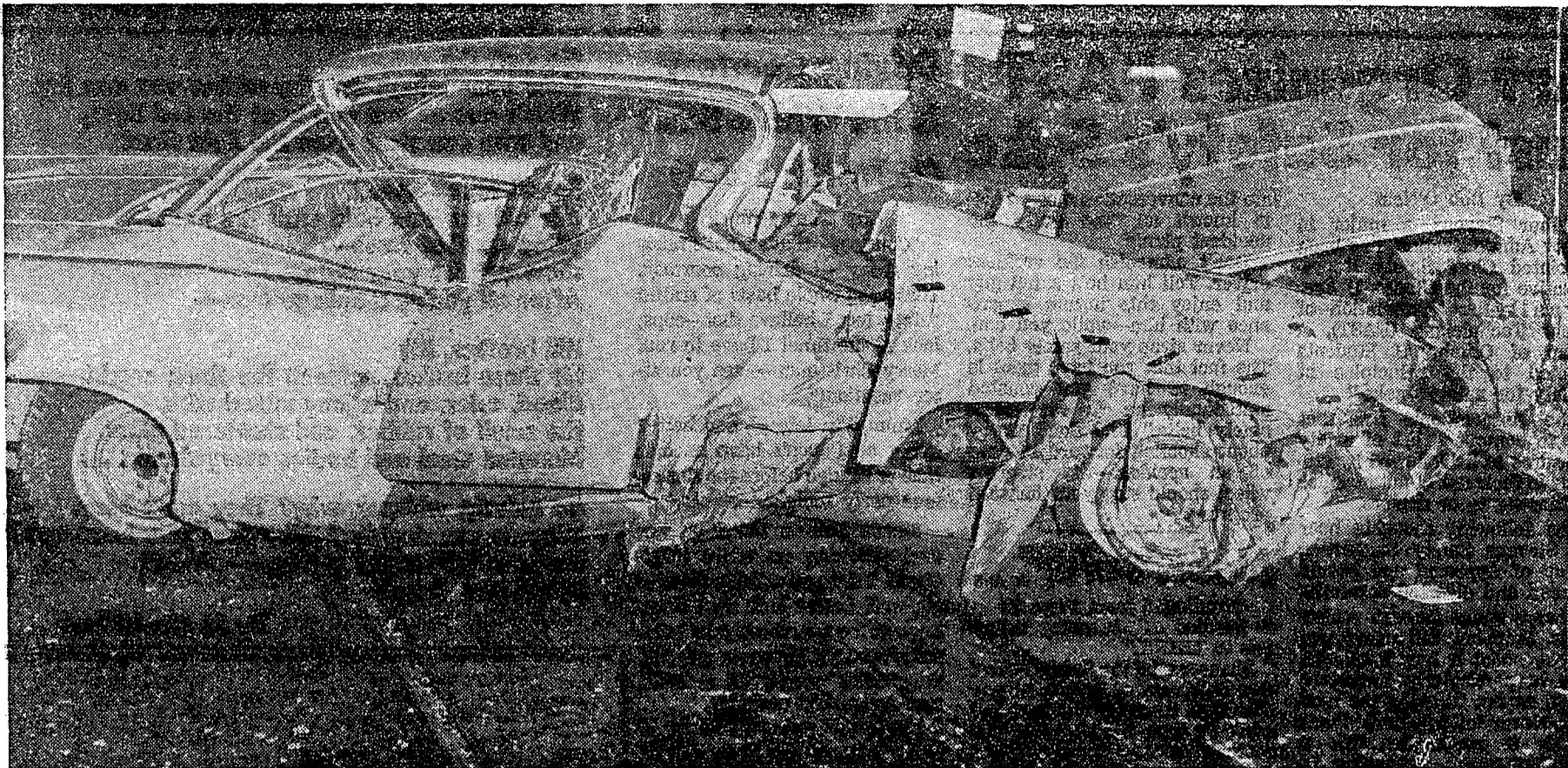
A few weeks ago, I visited a small town hospital. In that hospital I found a story that is becoming more and more common today. Let me tell you what I saw and heard.

I was visiting my grandmother. In the same room with her was a woman with her legs in traction. They were held in position by elastic straps and by a weight, that looked like a three-pound coffee can, hanging over the edge of the bed. She could use no pillow.

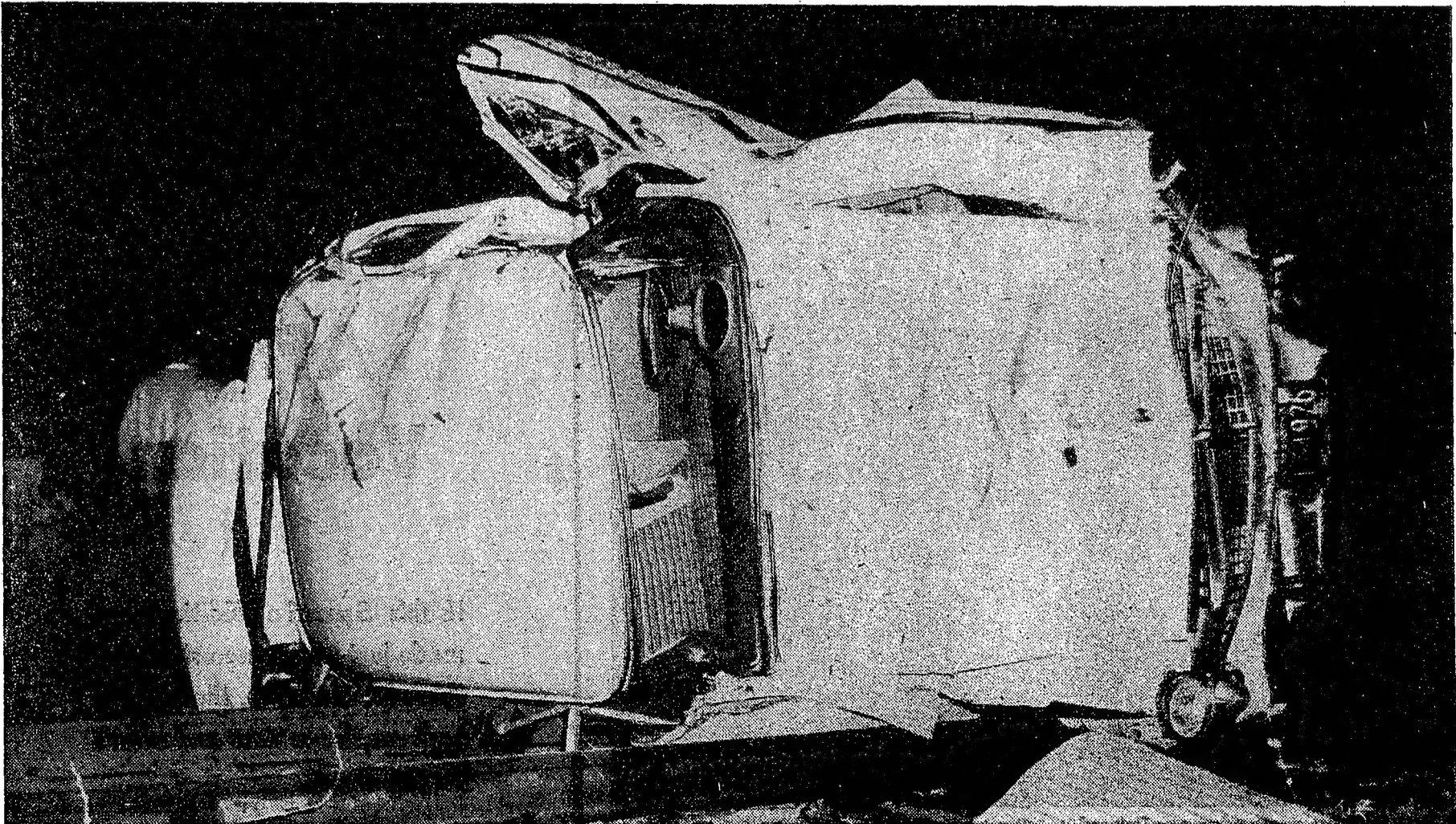
The woman said she had been in an auto accident about a year ago. She has been in the hospital since then—lying there unable to move.

While I was there, two children, a boy and a girl, came in. The boy, about 10, was in pajamas and was on crutches. His





**If
Only**



Art Organizes FAST Just for Safety's Sake

By Bob O'Neal

Arthur Stevens, a major in Safety Administration, has been appointed Chief Safety Representative for the Omaha U Fraternally-first Association of Safety Technicians (FAST), a group of Omaha U Students devoted to the principles of "Safety for safety's sake."

The Association's first act was to compile a list of safety measures to be followed by students in their use of automobiles as passengers or drivers.

The following thoughts bear the Stevens Safety Suggestion Stamp of Approval and should be read and digested carefully:

Always speed through amber lights. Stopping will cause you to lose about a half a minute. This is particularly important if you expect to make the next light. Never fail to change lanes quickly to accomplish this—a swerving target is harder to hit.

Don't worry about driving too fast. If your father pays for the tickets let him worry. Note that the statistic that speeding is responsible for 73 per cent of the fatal accidents is a story circulated by professional racing drivers who fear competition.

Don't be afraid to drink as much as you want at the party. It's when you start to drive home that you should become frightened.

Always pass on the right hand side. This is the side that the English pass on because they drive on the other side of the street. Passing on the right will give you a vicarious thrill of being in England. You may someday go to England—then again, you may not.

Always drive with one arm on the wheel. This will give you practice for dating. But keep your second arm in sight, this will prove that you have more arms than brains.

Act your age. College (and high school) students are expected by responsible people of the community to drive with a certain reckless abandon. It's part of growing up—good luck!

Refuse to dim your lights if the other guy refuses to dim his. Two dim-wits are better than one.

Share the driving. If there are a couple of people in the car, let them share the thrill of driving with you. This will allow you to occasionally take your eyes off the road and get

into the conversation more. This is known as "the share the accident plan."

Don't admonish the reckless driver. Tell him he's a fun guy and enjoy this insane experience with him—while you can.

Never strap your safety belts. The fact that you have them is enough to have you counted statistically as "a car with safety belts." And don't worry about shooting forward in case of an accident—the steering wheel should stop your forward progress.

Nebr. Safer . . .

(Continued from Page 2.) is hurdled . . . teaching motorists to THINK."

Shearer said the Safety Patrol can only remind people to pay attention to their driving, but can't do their thinking too. The motorist is often thinking about last night's bridge game, or how he had a split on the ninth frame of his 260 game or why his wife was acting so strange this morning . . . but seldom does he concentrate on his driving.

Few motorists are aware of the Safety Patrol organization other than trying to avoid the occasional patrol car they see on the highways.

The Nebraska Safety Patrol is young. As a result of its youth it is still having growing pains. Organized in 1937 the Patrol has grown to a force of 210 patrolmen . . . not enough to effectively carry out their mission.

50 Per Cent More Efficient
Captain Shearer's said the department is presently lobbying the state legislature for an increase of 80 officers. He said the Patrol could be 50 per cent more efficient with such an increase in man power.

Today, there are over 10,000 miles of highway for each patrolman. Captain Shearer's Troop covers 14 counties up and down the Missouri River from South Dakota to Kansas.

Patrolmen work 10 hours a day, 5 days a week not including the five to ten hours overtime they don't get paid for each week. In spite of the undermanned condition of the Highway Patrol, Captain Shearer said these men are well-trained and dedicated.

Nebraska still has one of the lowest fatality rates in the nation, Shearer said. It could be even lower if drivers would develop a realistic sense of responsibility for their own driving habits.

Driving Courtesy Is the Whole Basis Of Traffic Safety

By Sheri Hronek

"Courtesy—that's what's missing today — driving courtesy. That's the whole basis of traffic safety, too. I believe that—oops, look at the time! I have to run. Merry Christmas — see you after vacation!"

Mmm, I'm late — had better hurry or I won't have enough time to change before the Christmas party tonight.

What's that—a ticket on my car! "Parking on white line." Guess I did get a little close—oh, well, better luck next time. Look at the way those cars have me pinned in. I'll never get out. Why can't people be a little courteous when parking!

I'm never going to make it home in time. Are there any of O.U.'s police around? Nope, then, I'll just step on it a bit—15 miles an hour is too slow anyway. Will you get a load of that guy speeding through the parking lot. That's the way accidents happen. You know, sometimes I just don't understand people.

Yellow light ahead, but I can make it through in time. Oops—turned a little red half way through. Next one is red—guess I'll have to stop. It turned yellow so maybe I can start inching through it. What the . . . Look at that guy going through the yellow light. Some people don't have any sense!

I think I'll pass this car ahead of me—can't—too many cars coming. Okay, buster, a couple blasts of the horn should do you. There's an opening ahead so I'll pass now. What does he think he's doing—laying on his horn like that. Guess I did cut in a little close. It's his own fault, though; if he had some consideration for others, I wouldn't have had to pass in such heavy traffic.

Well, I finally made it. "Hey, Mom, I'm home. You know, some of these drivers today make me feel like turning in my license. I don't know why they can't have a little consideration of others. Like I was saying at school today, driving courtesy is the whole basis of traffic safety . . ."

The United States has more than 3,500,000 miles of roads; 12 per cent in rural areas. Almost 1,000,000 miles are unsurfaced.

Go cat! Go

show your talent, see the rubber you can lay. Which one of you can beat the red light, and who can start from the light first!

Speed man—speed this old car can hold with the best. Wipe up that frosh—show off for your date. After all you're a college man—

Kill brother, Kill hit those brakes, screech the tires; crash! Blood, cries, and agony mixed with the smell of rubber, and shattered glass. Mangled steel and bodies everywhere . . .

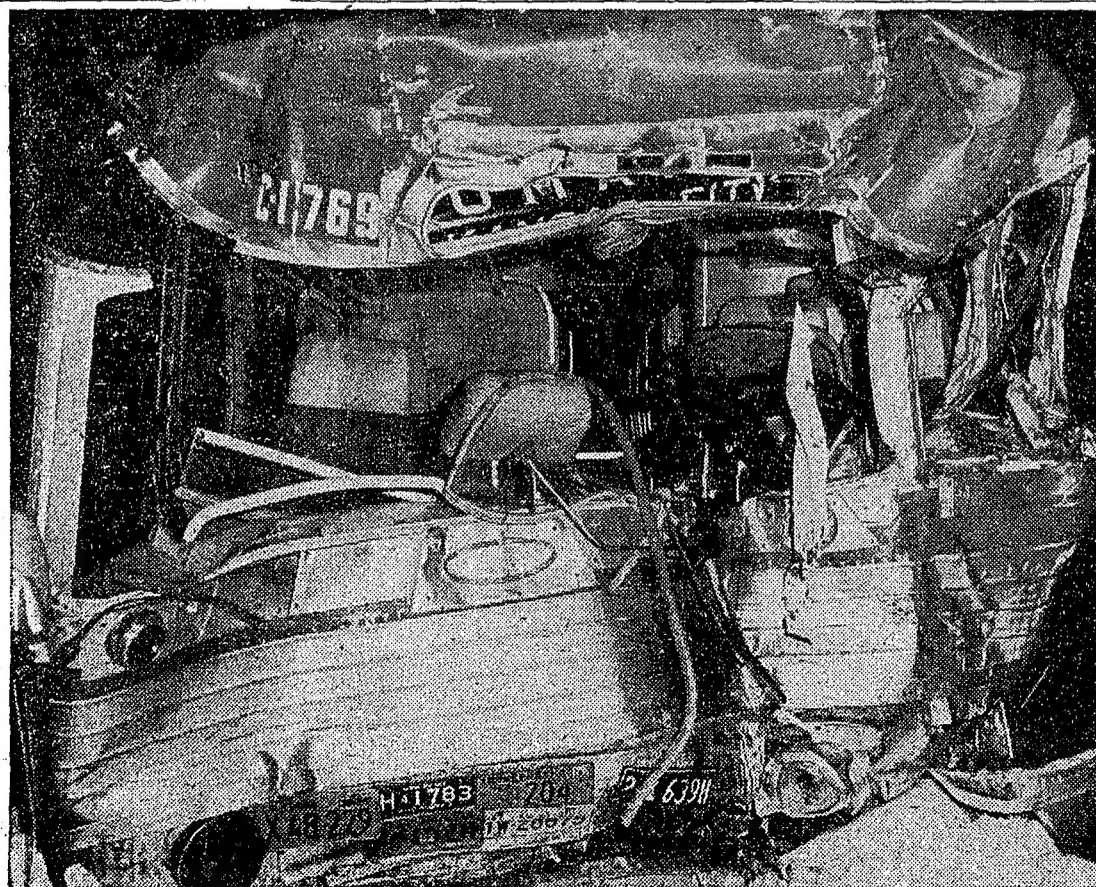
go quietly, whisper, why? They can't hear. Why do you shudder? Why does your head turn? Do you feel strangely alone—afraid? Death son. Death.

By Jo Ann Bishop

**The
Gateway Staff
Wishes
You a Happy
Holiday

Drive
Carefully. We
Want
to See
You
in School
After
Vacation**

If this Special Edition has made just one person stop and think for a minute, then it was well worth our time and effort to put it out.



Less than two weeks ago many University of Omaha students boarded buses to attend the All-Sports Bowl in Oklahoma. A great time was had by everyone. They all returned home safely. Maybe the bus in the picture above was a similar trip for another group of students from another school. Maybe the use of better judgment could have averted this accident. Who knows?